

# New York Tribune

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## Germany's Last Card.

Unless all signs fail, German agencies and German influences in this country are very shortly to undertake a final effort to procure American mediation to end the European war. To do this very obvious political weapons are in German-American hands. The election in Maine, where there was no German vote, gave unmistakable evidence of the drift of Progressive sentiment toward the Republican party. Unless this drift can be counterbalanced Mr. Hughes will be elected.

At the present time the German-American vote is solidly for Mr. Hughes. There can be no mistaking this fact, nor is there any doubt that this vote will make doubly sure the victory that the return of the Progressives makes well-nigh certain. Mr. Wilson cannot get the Progressive vote; that incident is closed; but conceivably he might yet get the German-American vote, which will be cast solidly in the interest of the candidate who is regarded on Election Day by German-Americans as most useful to Germany.

Meantime the approach of the collapse of the German fight in Europe is patent. The war has been lost on the battlefield. We have come to a situation entirely analogous to that of the Civil War in 1864. It is only a question of time until the Germans are completely and decisively beaten on all fronts, if the war goes forward. The sole hope that remains is that by some diplomatic machinery the inevitable defeat may be avoided.

It is only necessary to read German-American newspapers and American newspapers with German leanings to perceive that the machinery is being prepared for a final drive to procure American intervention, to persuade President Wilson to offer his good offices and to use neutral and pro-German influences the world over to support this drive.

As far as the nations allied against Germany are concerned, this attempt to save Germany by procuring a premature peace will fail. The French, British, Russian and Italian armies and soldiers have the feeling of victory in their bones now. The change in the spirit of all fighting armies on the Allied side since last spring is unmistakable. Those who come from all fronts bring the same testimony. The soldiers feel the crumbling of the German armies. They know that nothing but the politicians can prevent the final and complete victory.

Now, mediation by America, the offer of mediation, will be solely to the advantage of Germany. It will be accepted in Rome, in Paris, in London and in Petrograd as a final evidence of American subservience to German influences. It will not result in any useful thing. It will not contribute any slightest bit to the ending of the war, but it will very gravely compromise American interests in the world.

This war has passed the point where either side believes that it can end in a draw, if the fight continues on the battlefield. The Germans are straining every nerve to hold their lines until the present campaign is over and winter comes, solely to have a case for peace negotiations. They are putting their last reserves and their final resources in to make the appearance of a hopeless draw. But if they cannot make this appearance seem a reality to their enemies they know, as do their enemies, that the end is in sight.

The Allies believe that the war can be ended with a complete victory by the next summer campaign. They know now that German strength is declining; they know from battle experience that the tide has turned and is running strongly with them. A year ago, when the tide was running quite as strongly in the other direction, they declined to consider peace. Last spring, when the tide had not yet completely turned, they promptly repulsed all hints and whispers of peace.

Now they have the consciousness of approaching victory, and no man can suppose for a single moment that they will patiently listen to an American voice, which will be in reality the voice of Germany, urging that there be a "patched up" peace, which will enable Germany to escape from the worst consequences of her crimes and her outrages visited upon her enemies.

If Americans are to understand the European situation to-day they must understand the mood of France and Britain. They must ignore all the foolish patter about the terrible cost in men and money of new campaigns. They must dismiss the chatter about "getting the boys out of the trenches," because the fathers and mothers of those boys and the boys themselves are thinking, not about getting out of the trenches to-day, but of making new trenches unnecessary for a generation at the least.

The Allied nations mean to have done with this German menace which has hung over them for a generation. They

meant to have done with it two years ago, when they came at last to war. Their mood now is only different from that of one and two years ago, in that where they then had the will to win they now feel the victory within their grasp. And this being true they are not likely to permit their foe to escape them because of foreign agitation or intervention.

What would have been the sentiment of America, of the North, if France or Great Britain had endeavored to intervene in our Civil War in the last days of 1864, when the victory of the North was no more clearly in sight than is the victory of the Allies now? Would the men who had fought through three years of agony to decide a great issue have consented to adjourn the decision because Britons or Frenchmen were led by Confederate influence to suggest peace in North America?

The key to the European situation now is the realization by all the foes of the Germans that the Teutonic defeat is inevitable; that the crumbling has begun; that the collapse cannot be long postponed; that only by the premature termination of military operations can Germany be saved. Every American must hope that the President of the United States will not be over-persuaded by politicians or influenced unduly by personal ambitions at this moment. No useful service can be rendered to any just cause by American intervention, by the proffer of American mediation. The nations that are beating Germany mean to finish the job. We shall not persuade them to abandon it, but we may easily reduce to nothing the little credit we now have beyond our own frontiers.

## Perhaps an Embargo.

There is slight need for the investigation of the increased cost of materials used by the bakers which the Brooklyn Master Bakers' Association has asked the President to have made. A short wheat crop, not only here but in other countries, together with an unusually heavy demand on this market from abroad, has sent wheat prices sky-rocketing. Naturally flour prices follow. Sugar has gone up in price tremendously since the war began; even salt and paper for wrappers cost more.

What can be done about all this is the real problem. Consumers have become so used to paying a little more and a little more on each article in their dietary that only an advance or threat of advance in some staple like bread moves them to violent protest. There is a violent protest now all over the country over the actual increase of bread prices from five to six cents a small loaf, or the indirect increase by the cutting down of the weight of loaves, whether or not accompanied by such false statements of weight as have been disclosed in this city. Inevitably the demand for an embargo on wheat exportation will grow as more and more people are hit by the higher cost of bread.

The war has brought widespread prosperity to this country, but that prosperity, so far as the working classes are concerned, is more apparent than real, for living costs have mounted along with wages. And the unfortunate who work for small salaries have been hit by the higher cost of living without any compensating increase of income. The Democratic party's promises to reduce living expenses by tariff tinkering and otherwise have proved to be a delusion and a snare. It may be that Congress will be forced, when it reconvenes, to undertake the job by way of a foodstuffs embargo.

## The Ancestry of Nations.

Tracing the ancestry of a nation shows an odd tendency to parallel the tracing of family forebears. The name controls to a very large extent. When you are considering your ancestors you give a ridiculous preponderance to the male line, down which your name travelled. Yet how many a glorious house was as dull as dull until some unsung young woman was grafted upon its line and brought it brains and courage! We like to think of our family stock as something very pure and straight, quite forgetting the fact that it was mixed every generation.

Name and language are apt to control nations. The English are Angles to the easy-going mind; and a famous group of English historians have swallowed the same simple theory. Many Americans have commonly thought of themselves as an equally simple product—transplanted English, just as the English, in their turn, were transplanted Angles. Well, the Great War promises to have a very appreciable effect upon this theory of British ancestry. It is no longer a welcome thought that the English are own brothers to the Prussians. Truth is protesting, and at last, by the accident of national enmity, is gaining ground.

It is Mr. Quiller-Couch who has delivered the most entertaining protest, and his voice, as newly appointed King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, was, in fact, raised before the war. He spoke as a constitutional Cornishman and Celt, and his lecture, now included in his delightful volume, "On the Art of Writing," deserves wide reading. Stubbs, Green and Freeman were the great trio who securely fastened Sleswick ancestry upon the English people. Mr. Quiller-Couch has much to say of this theory, which would revise "Rule Britannia" to run:

When Sleswick first at heaven's command Arose from out the azure main. His protests are both historical and literary. To begin with, he rejects the convenient assertions of the Sleswickers that the Celtic Britons were exterminated by the Angles, Jutes and Saxons and the Romans picked up their household gods and fled before them, leaving no trace of Rome behind. Britain was permeated with Rome for four hundred years, and its customs and blood could not be removed. As for the Celts, there is the view of the great Freeman, who wrote them down as probably extirpated, yet in the next breath remarked that "the women doubtless would be largely spared," an amusing parallel to our example of family ancestry, which

habitually ignores the female line. Mr. Quiller-Couch has much fun with the mighty memory of Edward Augustus Freeman and his masculine theory of ancestry.

Turning the same criticism upon those scholars who trace the English literary lineage back to Beowulf, Mr. Quiller-Couch makes an even sharper case for the Mediterranean sources of our poetical inspiration. It was not only that Chaucer studied and consciously followed Dante and Boccaccio—as did all the leaders of the great revival. It was that, using in large measure an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, the new literature of England was in every essential, "in style, feeling, imagination," and even more "in knowledge of what it aimed to be," a new thing, "as different from Anglo-Saxon poetry as cheese is from chalk, and as much more nutritious." Mr. Quiller-Couch, to-day looking across Europe for close intellectual kin, would ignore the whole Teutonic peoples and rest his eye on Rome.

It is an interesting pursuit, ancestry, and so delightfully beyond scientific establishment that every one may have his guess. Mr. Quiller-Couch is properly modest, taking warning by the absurdities of the Freeman-Green school. So should we all be. The only facts we Americans can feel sure of are that our original stock was very thoroughly mixed, that we are proceeding to mix it still further, and that mixed races have done very fair work in the history of the world.

## Utterly Unreasonable.

Endeavoring to defend President Wilson and the Democratic Congress for the enactment of the eight-hour railroad law, so called, Senator Stone declares that communications from all parts of the country indicated that public sentiment almost universally favored any reasonable means of averting a strike. He overlooks the fact that the present criticism of the President's course arises because a "reasonable means" was not taken.

Just one sane, sensible way existed of meeting the situation produced by the strike vote of the brotherhoods—arbitration, or, failing that, an investigation conducted by an impartial government agency which would have given the government and the public alike facts on which to base a settlement plan. Arbitration was urged by individuals and business organizations in all parts of the country. It was recognized by every one but the President and the union leaders as the just and enlightened way of meeting the issue. That way was not taken. Arbitration was prevented by the attitude of President Wilson, who set his face against it and lent the great prestige of his office to bolster up the determination of the brotherhoods to plunge the country into catastrophe rather than submit the validity of their claims to any scrutiny.

The surrender of the President and Congress to the railroad workers was not a "reasonable means" of averting catastrophe. It was a cowardly, selfish, un-American evasion of the responsibilities and duties imposed on those officially representing the public. If it spared the public the hardships of a general railroad strike, it imposed on them another hardship—the necessity of paying from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year to a class of labor already the highest paid in its field of work in all the world.

In its text the "eight-hour" law confesses its folly, its unfairness, by granting this pay increase and then providing for an inquiry into the justice of it. To refer to the law as a reasonable means of averting trouble is, under the circumstances, a challenge of the good faith or the intelligence of its defenders, or of both.

## Priests Who Fight for France.

When the history of the great war is written, one of the finest chapters will be dedicated to the heroism of "France's soldier priests." Serving as private or military chaplains to the troops, they have shed fresh lustre on the glory of France.

When the war broke out France needed men to place against the strong and numerous German forces, and as the French regular troops and reserves were not sufficient to cope with the invading Teutonic hordes, the French War Office had to call for volunteers. The Archbishop of Paris endorsed the appeal of the War Office and urged the young priests who could be spared from their clerical duties in the different parishes throughout France to join the forces.

Thousands offered their services as army chaplains, others as hospital attendants, and to-day there are more than twenty thousand priests on the battlefield, either fighting or giving the last rites of the Catholic Church to the dying in hospitals or on the field of honor. Many have sacrificed their lives for their country, others have been taken prisoners and are now doing their benevolent work in the prison camps in Germany. To the German Kaiser, though hated by every patriotic Frenchman, I cannot do otherwise than pay the highest respect for having granted to these "soldier priests" in prison the privilege accorded to officers by granting them parole and placing them on the pay rolls the same as officers. They are allowed to go without hindrance in the prison camps and towns in which these camps are located to do God's work.

Many heroic deeds on the battlefields have been reported, and many a wounded French and German soldier has been carried on the back of a "soldier priest" to places of safety.

## A Peach Peeling Machine.

There has been quietly and secretly installed at the California peach growers' plant No. 2, which is better known as the Fresno Home Packing Company's plant, a peeled peach machine which promises to revolutionize the peach industry and make it profitable to market peeled peaches at the low price of 8 or 9 cents per pound. In past years there has been very little demand for peeled peaches because of the difficult task of removing the skin without injuring the peach, and the high price of 12 to 15 cents per pound has prevented the housewife from making much use of the peach in this form. But with the advent of the peeled peach machine, which can put out a perfect peeled peach at less cost than can be done by hand, it is predicted that there will be a big demand for the peeled peaches, and this will form one of the important outlets for the peach industry. The California Peach Growers, a \$1,000,000 cooperative marketing organization, is planning to obtain the patent on obtaining the machine, which, until it is patented, will be most carefully guarded.

## AMERICA, 1916.

Brighter, whiter, O, our Mother,  
Shine you in the hour of stress;  
Nearer, dearer than all other  
Things that kindle and that bless.

Grows the gray year ever grayer,  
Sharper pinches the sharp time;  
Soldier, hero, knave and slayer  
Treads the world her battle slime.

Whither march we? What fate beckons  
From behind the further hill?  
Are we a blind hand that reckons  
Gold upon a scarlet till?

We have chafed, we have hoarded,  
We have shut our eyes to blood;  
Comrades, let our ship be hoarded!  
Whirl we down the roaring flood.

I have held it ever better  
We had never been to school  
If our hearts must wear the fetter  
Of the pedant and the fool.

I have held that man was smitten  
Bitter blind, and ever shall,  
Who hath not been conscience bitten  
With the crime of Carrizal.

Golden apples have we eaten,  
Drained have we the dregs of joy;  
Is our spirit lulled and beaten  
And our soul become a toy?

Freemen, we must put us stronger  
Wardens at our hearts and gates,  
Or we shall not prosper longer  
In this hell of blinding hates.

Honest, faithful and unswerving  
We must face the armored world,  
Sword and book and hammer serving,  
Bright our battle flags unfurled!

We must bear a harder people,  
We must rear a truer breed,  
Lance uplifted like God's stepples,  
Mounted as on his white steed!

We must fight for God in glory  
As we fought for God of old,  
Or we perish from the story  
That the centuries unfold.

Greater Marnes shall rise in thunder,  
Greater Antichrists shall be  
Ere we glimpse the starry wonder  
Of the Hero of the Tree.

Greater kings shall rise in terror,  
Greater Caesars shake the earth,  
Ere we tread the serpent Error,  
Drink the wine of life like mirth.

But the true man fights forever  
Up the cycles of the sun,  
And he shall be broken never  
Though the tale be never run!

Gettysburg still goes before us;  
Crash on crash the cannon peal!  
God of Thunders, lift thy chorus!  
Lap us in thy flaming steel!

Onward! Onward still there urges  
In our hearts the shining light;  
Like a bugle cry it surges,  
Ringing down the rocking night!

O, my brothers, we are taken  
In a stock that does not die,  
But unturning and unshaken  
Marches still the morning sky.

We have split the crown asunder,  
We have set the plain man free,  
And in lightning and in thunder  
We must write our destiny!

We must march forever loyal  
To the faith that Freedom gives;  
March is in himself the royal  
Soldier that forever lives!

This they wrote in Concord battle,  
This they wrote in deathless flame,  
And where black the death drums rattle  
We will answer to that name.

Brighter, whiter, O, our Mother,  
Shine you in the hour of stress;  
Nearer, dearer than all other  
Things that kindle and that bless.

EARL SIMONSON.

## Doins of Love and War.

Humorous War Song  
(From The Westminster Gazette.)  
If I loved a maiden, a maiden fair,  
With the raven's gloss o'er her braided hair;  
Had I a sweetheart, faithful-true,  
With lips like roses moist with morning dew;  
Had I a wife with eyes like autumn leaves;  
And bosom chaste as Balkan's driven snows,  
Then like a nightingale as twilight fell  
My Doins of love to the pale white moon I'd tell.

If I were the owner of a carbine,  
If sword as true as sister's love were mine;  
If I were the master of a noble steed,  
Like lightning, swift and black as sinful deed;  
Were I the leader of those brethren seven,  
Who on winged dragons dared to scale to heaven,  
Then as an eagle at dawn of day I'd soar,  
My Doins of war to the fierce red sun I'd pour.

To my love I'd say: "Oh! sweetheart, by the Cross  
I swear to guard thee from all pain and loss."  
To my horse I'd shout: "Oh! gallant charger, fly!  
Outstrip yon swallows darting through the sky."  
To the chiefs I'd call: "Oh! valiant brethren mine,  
O'er your brave bosoms trace the Holy Sign,  
And vow that never on the battlefield  
Whilst life remains shall you to German yield."  
Awake! The Moslem foe is near;  
Strike now for health and home, for kin and country dear!"

R. STEWART-PATTERSON.

## Remembrance.

(From The Atlantic Monthly.)  
"An aeroplane has been brought down to the ocean sea"—Dispatch.  
Wounded, the steel-ribbed bird dipped to the sea,  
Its vast wings twisted, struggling with the air.  
That would not bear it up—and heavily  
Struck the still water, sleeping idly where.  
The gold-arched noon had lulled it into dream.  
So there was foaming tumult and the fret  
Of waves on heated steel—then silver steam,  
That hung like fallen cloud where they had met.  
And that small, striving thing that fought away,  
Free of the wreckage, did he, dying, hear  
The waters murmuring of another day,  
A noon, now long ago, yet strangely near;  
The waters telling drowsily of one  
Who with his wings of wax dared woo the sun?

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

## The Dawn.

(From Poetry.)  
I would be as ignorant as the dawn,  
That I looked down  
On that old queen measuring a town  
With the pin of a brooch,  
Or on the withered men that saw  
From their pedantic Babylon  
The careless planets in their courses,  
The stars fade out where the moon comes,  
And took their tablets and made sums—  
Yet did but look, rocking the glittering coach  
Above the cloudy shoulders of the horses.  
I would be—for no knowledge is worth a strain  
Ignorant and wanton as the dawn.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

## HIS ARMY.



## TYRANNY OF LABOR MONOPOLY

The Course of the Railroad Brotherhoods in Washington and the Conduct of the Amalgamated Leaders in the Traction Strike Furnish Ground for Demanding the Incorporation and Regulation of Labor—The Public is the Victim.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Is mob rule—the rule of might—to be the court of last resort in the settlement of all our economic and social disorders? That seems to be the present trend of affairs.

No one should object to organized labor when it shows a proper regard for its covenants and when it pursues an orderly and peaceful, businesslike course in attaining its purpose.

But when organized labor, intoxicated with its own strength, stoops to acts of violence in every manner diametrically opposed to the interests of the public, as well as its own; when it wilyly designs to curb the wheels of progress for the attainment of selfish and wholly unreasonable ends, regardless of the inconvenience and injury it may cause the rest of us; when it boldly stoops to means wholly destructive rather than constructive, then it is high time that the overwhelming majority insist that labor be incorporated, controlled and regulated.

In the past we have heard a great deal of talk about monopoly, that the wealth of the country was in the control of a comparatively few, but pray tell me where or when in the history of these United States have we witnessed such practical demonstrations of outright monopoly in the hands of a few as:

### Two Daring Hold-ups.

1. In the recent undignified and galling spectacle at Washington of the Big Four—Garretts, Stone, Lee and Cart—under the threat of a nation-wide strike on the steam railroads, and its dire consequences to the public at large, holding up the President and the Congress, and the one hundred million people thus represented, to the tune of \$60,000,000, and for the most part, of their own initiative, as it has since been conclusively proven that the attitude of the Big Four in this situation did not reflect the wishes of the majority of the men they represent. It was a "hold-up," pure and simple—another instance of a trust betrayed.

2. In the spectacle of the Alien Four—Fitzgerald, O'Brien, Shea and Frayne—according to their own figures, holding up the traction companies of this city to the tune of \$1,000,000, and the dear public to the tune of \$7,200,000. And, according to their own version, the strike has just begun.

Mr. Fitzgerald offers no data as to the cost to the Amalgamated in prosecuting this strike. He avers that he has 11,881 men on strike, including those in New Rochelle, Mount Vernon and Yonkers. To each of those on strike the Amalgamated is supposed to pay a "sustenance" allowance of \$5 a week. This would make the weekly payroll of the Amalgamated \$59,405. To cover hotel, automobile, traveling and other personal expenses of Fitzgerald and his immediate cohorts there may safely be added another \$5,000 a week, making the total disbursements approximately \$64,405 a week.

On this basis it is safe to assume that to date this strike has cost the Amalgamated at least \$378,000.

And where does this money come from? From the dues paid out of the pockets of honest, hard working men, members of the Amalgamated scattered throughout the country.

### Wasteful Organization.

What direct benefit do these men reap from this lavish squandering of their earnings? Nothing. But they always face the possibility of being suddenly called upon for an extra strike assessment, as carefully provided for by their bylaws, to meet the expense of fomenting and conducting strikes throughout other sections of the country.

How long will the Amalgamated continue the payment to the men in New York City now on strike of the sustenance allowance? Only just so long as their executive officers, located in Cleveland, believe Mr. Fitzgerald and his crowd down here have a chance of winning and ultimately fattening their treasury. But the very moment the executive officers out in Cleveland realize that it is going to cost them more to win this strike than they can by the widest stretch of imagination hope to add in dues to their treasury they will suddenly discontinue sending here for the benefit of Mr. Fitzgerald and his crowd this sus-

tenance allowance. And, naturally, the men on strike will be left high and dry, and if history repeats itself Mr. Fitzgerald will sneak out of town, just as he did back in 1905.

Then what will happen to that part of our substantial citizenry—the traction employees—which he has through coercion, intimidation and misrepresentation inveigled into a sad and hopeless predicament?

Monopoly is monopoly, whether it involves capital or labor. Both are equally essential in the production of wealth. Both are equally essential to our economic existence. Therefore, if it be proper that one be incorporated, controlled and regulated, why not the other?

In view of all these circumstances, it seems to me that the question, where are we—the public—to get off at? is a problem worthy the careful thought and consideration of every thinking man and woman of greater New York.

And what is all this strife about? Who do these four men—Fitzgerald, O'Brien, Shea and Frayne—represent? Who invited them here?

What are they striving for? What is the real issue?

Alien Interference.  
Analyzing the situation, as reported from day to day in The Tribune, does it not seem down to this:

Four men from out of town—in no manner interested in or identified with this city's economic welfare and civic affairs—espousing the cause of an association with headquarters in Cleveland—likewise having no interest or reputation here—decide among themselves that New York City would be a pretty easy field from which to draw additional funds to their treasury, through the collection of dues from traction employees whom these four men scheme to force into their membership.

With this motive guiding them, Fitzgerald, O'Brien, Shea and Frayne swoop down here, entirely on their own initiative. Had they been requested by the traction employees to come to New York and organize them, that would be an entirely different story.

But that they were not requested to come here is strikingly proven by the fact that on the subway and elevated lines all but a couple of hundred out of some 11,000 employees remained loyal to the company, and under the most trying difficulties have successfully operated a regular and efficient service; and on the surface lines men have remained at work as long as they were accorded police protection against bodily injury, as evidenced by the increasing number of cars, day by day, going back into service, as reported by the Police Department.

Home Rule in the Subway.  
According to newspaper reports the Interborough employees have organized a brotherhood of their own which affords them every advantage of collective bargaining, and yet does not embody the infliction of monthly dues, with extra assessments from time to time to meet the expenses of strikes called in distant cities by foreign aggregations, such as the Amalgamated, and in which the local employees are directly in no manner involved or interested.

From statements made by the employees themselves, as reported in The Tribune, it is plain that the men are in every way satisfied with present working conditions and wages. This is further confirmed by the fact that over 10,000 out of 11,000 employees have signed up contracts of employment covering the next two years.

Unlike the Alien Four—Fitzgerald, O'Brien, Shea and Frayne—and the following they represent (all outsiders), these 10,000 employees of the Interborough company are desirable, law abiding and wealth producing citizens of greater New York, whose interest and welfare are identified and identical with that of the entire citizenry of the greater city.

They are all taxpayers, and as such entitled to protection and their inalienable right to work under conditions satisfactory to themselves.

Yet because these traction employees have dared to form their own organization, which has been duly recognized by the traction company and which affords them the right of collective bargaining and every advantage that the Amalgamated could possibly afford them, we have the gawsome spectacle of the

Alien Four exerting every effort, foul and otherwise, to prevent recognition of this brotherhood by the company, in flag of their own, and busily engaged in an endeavor to bring about a condition of employment which will work toward the prevention of these 10,000 citizens continuing at their daily labor.

Or, to put it another way, the money which the Amalgamated Association has collected in dues from laboring men throughout the country, and for which the Amalgamated makes no public accounting, as do the traction companies of their revenue, the Alien Four are spending with a free and lavish hand in creating conditions under which another organization of laboring men will be unable to work in peace.

The whole situation resolves itself into a question of four men attempting to bring about an improvement of their own individual economic condition through the use of the funds of one lot of laboring men in creating a situation which will make it impossible for another lot of laboring men to continue at work, with the larger body of citizens of greater New York helplessly standing by and watching these four strangers thus directly imposing upon its loyal servants and citizens—the 10,000 loyal traction employees—and indirectly upon themselves. Where is the justice of such a procedure?

All my life I have been an ardent sympathizer of labor, and am still, but this situation in which we are now wallowing has "got my goat."

Not the Interborough's Fault.  
To one on the outside, with nothing but newspaper reports to rely upon, it appears that throughout this whole controversy the traction officials have dealt with the situation in a broad and liberal minded way, and have shown a willingness to be more than fair, as evidenced by the first agreement entered into by Chairman Straus and Mayor Mitchell when there was no need of his doing so.

The men were with him then—to the extent of the 94 per cent of the total employees—just as they are with him now; and while it is recorded that at the time he frankly stated to Chairman Straus and Mayor Mitchell that it was against his better judgment to enter into such an agreement as he did, he apparently acquiesced in the interest of public welfare.

The result is just as he predicted. Fitzgerald and his crowd were unworthy of his trust, as was conclusively proven by his repudiation, without reason, of the agreement entered into with the Third Avenue company and the Second Avenue company, also underwritten by Chairman Straus and Mayor Mitchell. By his action on these two lines he has proven that such covenants as the Amalgamated may enter into are looked upon as nothing more than a mere "piece of paper," to be observed only so far as it suits his selfish purpose.

It is time that we rid the city of these buccannery, and that all outsiders, business men, politicians, ministers, social workers and other well meaning individuals, should keep their hands off, and give the traction people, with the full protection of the police force and state militia, if necessary, an opportunity that they are entitled to and have justly merited by their behavior and demeanor to work out their own salvation.

Might does not make right, and the sooner we recognize this, and think and act accordingly, the better.

J. A. RICHARDS.  
New York, Sept. 22, 1916.

A Memorial Service for Mr. Low.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The death of Mr. Low should not occur without fitting public tribute to his eminence as a citizen. In many respects he was almost an ideal life, the keynote of which, from his young manhood to his latest years, was civic service. It is not enough for the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations in which he was an honored leader to hear short addresses and pass commemorative resolutions, under appropriate auspices, a memorial service in which proper homage might be paid to his memory. We should not allow a career so rich in public usefulness readily to be forgotten.

J. HAMPDEN DOUGHERTY.  
New York, Sept. 22, 1916.